

A DISCOURSE BETWEEN LAW AND CONSCIENCE

When they were both Banished from PARLIAMENT. In the first Parliament of K: James the Seventh.

LAW to CONSCIENCE.

HOW now, my Lord, how is it so,
That thus in fable-weed ye go?
What means this sudden alteration,
That you have lost your Veneration,
And due Benevolence that ye owe
Unto your Country, now brought low?
In yonder Court ye ought to sit,
A free-born Member ye're of it,
And well acquainted with the Laws,
Go and Defend your Ancient Cause.

Conscience Reply.

ALace said Conscience well you wit,
In yonder Court I dar not sit,
Unless that I betray my Right,
And distat Laws against my light,
Your Parliament it looks awry,
For I sat in it yesterday,
And Voted never a Vote but an;
And they against me did exclaim,
With lustie words both high and bigg,
They swore that Conscience was a whigg,
For him they have no veneration,
Cause banish him out of the Nation;
And prayed the Clark to word it better;
Then to put Conscience in a Letter,
To send unto his Majestie,
Who bears a mortal feed at me;
For treason, which they say, I thought,
Into the year fortie eight,
For which I wandered too and fro,
Even since the year sixty two,
That I was banished from the Court,
By Lords and Earls of great report,
Though I should famish starve and die,
Yet none of them would harbour me,
I rapped rudely at their Gat,
But never entrance could get,
I knockt and challeng'd as I can,
Yet non recev'd a banished man,
The little shelter that I found,
Was in the Presbyterians ground,
Yet many of them me sore abus'd,
And most untenderly me us'd,
Some took Bonds, some took the Test,
Some to the Kirk were sorely prest,
Some with their course untender walk,
Some with their proud unseemly talk,
Some with their giddie wild opinions,
Would banish me from these dominions,
And now since they have serv'd me so,
To forraign Lands I think to go,
To see what residence I find,
Pray Brother Law, what us your minde?

Laws Answer.

ALace! my Lord, how can I hear,
Your dollourous and heavie chear,
When your afflicted, I do mourn,
We both upon one wheel do turn,
If Conscience once do lose the Van,
Law is a broken bankrupt man,
When conscience turns like weather-cock,
Then they will cut the Nazaren Locck,
My strength lyes in the Penal Laws,
Cut they off these, well lose the cause,
Our honours both in this doth stand,
A Dum Man yet wan never Land,
We will be trusty to our Nation,
An humble sute is my intent,
That we may sit in Parliament.

Conscience Reply.

My Brother Law where is your wits,
Think you of us they will permit,
To sit in court who thus have us'd us,
And formerly hath thus abus'd us,
Should I my wrongs denominate,
Or could my grief demonstrate,
What I have suffer'd would appear,
From them above this twenty year,
It's long since they me cauteriz'd,
But now they have me stigmatiz'd:
And for to make me hold my peace,
They put hot iron upon my face,
Like *Collistan* they will me make,
Some suffer'd shipwrack for my sake,
How can you think that such men mind:
Our Laws, and Conscience to befriend
Or ever give a free consent;
That we should sit in Parliament,
My dearest Brother then I pray,
That you may not retard away.

Laws Answer.

ALace! my Lord, will you be gone,
Then I may mourning go alone,
If Noble Conscience leave the Land,
Who then will *Poperie* withstand,
For Law will prove a broken Reed,
When Conscience goes in Pilgrims weed,
You Protestants may be a gaeft,
And may prepair you for a blast,
When Law and Conscience are abus'd,
And worse then broken Merchands us'd,
In *Abay's* they will shelter find,
But none to us will prove so kind,
But yet I humbly do you pray,
My dearest Lord go not away;
To yonder Parliament address,
Some friend you have will enterecess;

Themselves, what you and for your plead,
Some place at Court may yet be had.

Conscience Reply

My Brother, I would be content,
To regain my place in Parliament;
But for these men they'll never grant it;
A pick at me they never wanted,
I know there's severals to pretend,
For to propose me as their end,
But let them once be contradicted,
They'll look as if they were convicted,
If but one Lord should them contro;
They'll swear it was an Hyperbole,
Like as I often have it found,
Pretended friends give many a wound,
Have alwayes falsly prov'd to me;
Farewel Brother, farewell ye

Laws Answer.

My dearest Lord, my Counsel take,
Not for my own but Country's sake,
If you desert these Courts and go,
To forraign Lands and live them so,
They will establish with their hand,
That *Poperie* shall overspread the Land,
Once more I humbly you intreat,
And begs this favour I may get,
To signify you are content,
To supplicate the Parliament.

Conscience Replies.

Well Brother Law, I am content,
To supplicate the Parliament,
And your to blame Brother not I,
If they shal raise the *HU* and *CRY*,
Come let us joyn with Veneration,
For to present this supplication,
For to Vot freely for the Laws,
Your Countrey, and your Ancient Cause.

*The humble Address of Conscience and Law,
To the house of Parliament.*

My Lords, and Gentlemen, here lyes
Two Objects ly before your eyes,
Conscience and Law two Nobles born
To whom the Country once was sworn,
But now deser'd as you see,
By horred perjur'd Treacherie,
Yet we're content to pardon that,
And humbly here to supplicat,
Ye would be pleas'd to permit,
Us in the Parliament to sit,
To serve our Countrey and our Cause,
And to defend the Penal Laws;

My Lord, our Loyaltie you know,
Some further prooffe we mind to show,
We shall Vot nothing but whats good,
Our wrong is great to be gainstood,
My Lord Commissioner, if your Grace,
Would harken to our words of peace,
We would you teach, how you should be
True to your King, your vows and Me
And my Lord Chancellour we would crave
That *Popish* tenets you would leave,
The Ancient Faith ye would imbrace,
Else you will ne're condole our case.
And you Lord Bishops, where you sit,
We little trust to your commit,
You who betrayed our Ancient Cause,
You would take off the Pennal Laws,
Conscience nor Law you'll never defend,
What ever truths you do pretend;
I know once *Ustuo* ye lov'd dear,
But we're forefaken for a Kings ear,
And for obeying mans command,
Ye are thrust from the *Holy Land*.
You honorable house of Commons all,
For your assistance we do call,
Keep Law and Conscience in the Land,
And against *Poperie* stoutly stand,
If you refuse so just a thing,
Then know I am, repoute a King,
And I will exercise my Law,
On you when you can not withdraw,
And make you were you better fellows,
Like *Judas* run unto the Gallows!
Or else like *Spira* to discover
Your knavery all the World over,
And for the mischief you have acted,
My terrors make you go distracted,
My Scepter over you *Fle* sway.
In Time and in Eternitie.
This to your wildom we commend,
And on your Answer we Attend.

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